

Monty Hotel Bar

Alex Stolis

It's 2 AM or close enough to last call it doesn't matter. Her name is Felicia or Melissa or doesn't matter. She is the Periodic Table of Elements; argon, oxygen, nitrogen. She's combustible, flammable; one wrong left turn with the right amount of regret. Paradise buys her another drink she rolls a joint tells him Joe Strummer died for their sins. She knows angels are a myth and the way to be saved is to pretend to believe in dying. Paradise takes a big hit, holds the smoke in his lungs until it burns raw. She kisses the crucifix around his neck. He has a bullet, give him a gun and he'll shoot the moon.



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